

# The Family Circle

## A CHILD'S REBUKE

The pet of the household had overslept,  
While breakfast was waiting below,  
And the Auntie was chiding the little boy  
That he was dressing so slow.

A shoestring was missing, a button was off,  
And everything seemed out of place,  
The clouds of discouragement gathered around  
The dear little fellow's face.

At length his toilet was all complete,  
But the little boy delayed,  
And cried, 'Dear Auntie, I cannot go down  
Till my morning prayers I've said.'

'Wait till breakfast is over,' his Auntie cried,  
'For once it will not be wrong,'  
The little boy, startled and grieved, replied,  
'What, keep God waiting so long?'

## THE WELL BEFORE THE DOOR

'Where shall we dig the well?' they asked as they sat in their new home, one bright day long ago. They had come to spend their honeymoon, and the long years following, under their own roof-tree.

After much discussion, they decided to dig it in front of the house, where it would be available both for their own use and for that of people passing by on the long road. Life was so full of joy for them they were eager to share it with others, and the place was so isolated it proved a satisfaction to have carriages stop before the door and exchange a greeting as the horses drank. There were some disadvantages, for the home became semi-public; and there were times when the bride would have been glad to wash her dishes without fear of intrusion. But the well and the always possible visit encouraged tidiness within, and, all in all, the visits were welcome.

The years went by, and the home filled with children, and then grew nearly empty again as the young people went forth into life. And at length the husband died, leaving the widow, with one of her married sons, in the old home.

The son came back from some years of experience in the world, and saw the well through other eyes than those of his childhood.

'Mother,' said he, 'I want to change the line of the front fence and enclose the well. What's the use of all this bother? People just take it for granted and don't appreciate it, and the thing has grown to be a nuisance.'

It was not wholly ill-humor on the part of the young man. Sawmills had come into the woods, and heavy wagons bearing loads of logs and lumber cut not only the road and the little semi-circular drive, but the little crescent of green sod between the well and the road. Teamsters were careless in the use of the water, and left deep mud-puddles behind them. Flies gathered about the resting oxen, and sometimes left them and sought the porch and house. Drivers were not always careful of their language, and their rough talk, plainly audible within, was often most annoying. Few even of those who drove by in carriages asked permission or said 'Thank you.' The well had been there so long the public had accepted it as its own, and ceased to make acknowledgment. The son, and his wife as well, looked upon these things as intolerable; and so one day the posts were drawn and the fence was begun.

Then came a line of log-laden wagons, and halted in the road, and the drivers were dismayed to find a post set in the middle of the driveway and other post holes digging. They drove on, the panting oxen wondering as they pulled their heavy loads up the hill without their accustomed refreshment. The son watched them out of sight, and then walked to the well for a drink. Behind the vines on the porch he heard a sob, and went to see the meaning of it.

'The home is yours, my boy,' said the mother, 'and I must not make you and Ella uncomfortable with my old-fashioned notions. But your father and I had the well dug there because we wanted to share our blessings with others; and in these recent years it has been almost the only blessing I had to share. I could not go to church; I had little money to give; there was no one I could help in any other way. So I sat here among the vines and watched the people as they drank

and the oxen sinking their heads in the trough, and rejoiced that I could give a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord. I don't want to complain, but this is taking away my one remaining form of service in His name.'

The son was thoughtful for a moment; then he called his wife, and the three talked it over together.

'Let mother have her way,' said Ella. 'It is her right.'

'Mother,' said the son, 'we'll compromise. There's one post set, which will prevent driving in. Let us leave it there for a week, and they will have to carry water out if they get any. That will be a hint. And after that the post shall come down.'

The hint was effective, in part at least. Teamsters were not long in suspecting whom they had to thank, and grew more considerate.

So the old lady sat among her vines a few years longer, with joy that she could give a cup of cold water as a servant of the Lord. A few months ago she died, and was mourned by a larger circle of friends than she had known.—'Youth's Companion.'

## THE WOMAN OF TACT

She had been talking pleasantly to two or three women. She had made her good-byes all cheerful and bright, and after they had disappeared, one woman turned to another and said in a tone that was scoffing: 'She is a thorough woman of tact.' Now in this case the woman who had said none but pleasant words, who, by a bright story, had prevented the discussion of a petty scandal, was a woman who was as brave-hearted as any that ever lived, and who bore not only her own but the burdens of a good many other people, yet she saw no reason why she should inflict her troubles on her friends, or why she should not be in its best sense a woman of tact. A woman of tact is one who feels that the story to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form, and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. A woman of tact is one who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young, and who makes herself agreeable to all women in all conditions of life. A woman of tact is one who makes her 'Good morning' a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day, and her good-bye a hope that she may come again.

## 'SCIENTIFIC STATEMENTS'

Some recently collected definitions and 'scientific statements' from advanced pupils:—

'A problem is a figure which you do things with which are absurd, and then you prove it.'

'The "Complete Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles.'

'A right angle is ninety degrees Fahrenheit.'

'Income is a yearly tax.'

'Hydragen is colorless, odorless, and insolvent.'

'Horse-power is the distance a horse can carry one pound of water in an hour.'

'Air usually has no weight, but when placed in a barometer it is found to weigh about fifteen pounds a square inch.'

'Amatory verses are those composed by amateurs.'

'A cuckoo is a thing that turns from a butterfly into a moth.'

'The dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now.'

'The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire, forming dew.'

## UNIFORM NOT COMPLETE

Dressed in the latest motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor-cyclist gaily tooted his way by Regent's Park, London, towards the Zoo.

Suddenly he dismounted, and said to an urchin: 'I say, my boy, am I right for the Zoo?'

'You may be all right if they have a spare cage, but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd 'ad a tail!'

## IN ANTICIPATION

A lady took her four-year-old son to the family dentist to have his teeth attended to. The dentist found a small cavity, so the lady seated herself in the chair, took Master Tom on her lap, and the operation began. The burr had no sooner touched the tooth